

sible, intelligent and immortal creatures, and the ultimate purpose of eternal life, and endless felicity which lies at the basis of all his thought concerning us. If we knew ourselves, our inner self and our outer environments, as God knows, we would probably understand the reason and the wisdom of his apparently mysterious providence, and the energy we now waste in fretting and lamenting would be saved for the more worthy and profitable employment of gratitude and praise.

#### An Era of Divinity Dabblers

In some ecclesiastical bodies the usual titles conferred upon preachers by their own theological schools has become so common that the chief distinction consists in not having any at all. If this easy and liberal distribution of learned and pious degrees continues it may encourage the fear, some of these days, that we have come upon an era of Divinity Dabblers. The conferring of degrees within proper limits is perfectly legitimate, but we have been made to wonder why Henry Ward Beecher and Charles Spurgeon never became D. D.'s; or if the schools did actually confer this discriminating honor upon them why they allowed it to pine away with indifference and neglect. The one was an example of superlative genius, the other of superlative grace, and we are led to suspect under our breath that true greatness disdains meretricious supports. Imagine, for example, what the common sense of the world would think of the Rev. Saul Paul, D. D., or Doctor Simon Peter. But we must stop; we are turning a dear conceit into ridicule.

#### Gone to Her Rest

On Friday of last week at 1:30 in the morning, Miss Frances E. Willard died in New York City. For several days she had been suffering with grip, tho her death was unexpected. She was born in New York in 1839, and thus lived not quite 60 years, but they were beautiful years. In every sense of the word she was a great woman, a noble woman, a woman who has few if any equals in this country. In her younger days she was a schoolmistress, about the only occupation open to women at that time. The real work of her life commenced when she entered the crusade against the liquor traffic, and in favor of woman suffrage and the promotion of social purity, to all of which she gave her life. In a single year she lectured in every state and territory in the union, covering 30,000 miles of travel. Her life work was in behalf of woman suffrage, social purity and temperance. She is the author of a number of books, one of which, "Glimpses of Fifty years," has reached the circulation of 100,000 copies. Not only was she the most noted female temperance worker, but beyond question she was the greatest woman

platform lecturer the country has ever produced. A noble woman has gone to her reward; a beautiful life has closed on earth to open anew in glory with infinite greater possibilities. The work of that sweet life has not closed. She has erected for herself monuments which time can not crumble to dust. The mothers of this country, the homes of our land, the generation of youth yet unborn, the women of the world, owe to Frances E. Willard an everlasting debt of gratitude and love. Motherhood was to her the most sacred thing on earth, and to mothers and their homes and their sons and daughters, she gave a noble, sweet, motherly, womanly and beautiful life. Peace to the ashes of one whose works do follow her.

#### The Decay of Tunkerism

A correspondent of our beloved Brother Holsinger, as reported in this issue of the paper, greatly laments the gradual decay in the Brethren church of what he terms "Tunkerism." He fears that in a few years every trace and color of "Tunkerism" will be bleached out of the Brethren church. If the "Tunker" idea carries with it all that Brother Holsinger attaches to that name, then surely its decay is something to be greatly lamented. But for the encouragement of our brother in his declining years and for his correspondent also, we beg leave for the following animadversion:

First, if "Tunkerism" is synonymous with accepting the New Testament in its entirety, just as it reads, and if it means a more faithful study of these sacred scriptures, then our brethren need have no fears, for in the history of the church there has been no other time when the Word of God was so faithfully studied as it is now, studied impartially too, not with a view to establish our own opinions only, but to find out the real truth, the rich treasures of the Word. If the "first principle" of "Tunkerism" is the acceptance of the Word as it is, and the "second consists in implicitly obeying from the heart all the requirements of the Word," then we cheerfully inform our brethren that there is no cause for their pessimism. The Word is being diligently searched by our people, and the hitherto unobserved portions of it which when read, does now as it did in the days of Nehemiah, cause "all the people to weep" because of the long neglect, these portions of holy scriptures, we say are being more diligently searched out and obeyed than ever before. The Bible is not yet studied as it should be and as it will be in the future, but as compared with the past of "Tunkerism," we see no cause for alarm whatever.

But, second, to us "Tunkerism" does not mean all that it does to some people. The decay, or the "bleaching out" of its principles as we have learned to know them by experience and observation, is a hopeful sign

and cause for rejoicing, as is the decay of all other religious *isms*. We are by no means persuaded that the "Tunker" family of the past has been the sole repository of divine truth, nor can we accept the belief that "Tunkerism" has been or now is, the divinely appointed conservator of such truth. The salt of the earth is not confined within the limits of "Tunkerism," and the decay of "Tunkerism" does not necessarily mean that the salt is losing its savor. There is much in "Tunkerism" which according to our way of thinking should have been bleached out long ago. Indeed, we shall not lament the decay or bleaching out of any *ism* as long as we retain *gospelism*, the only *ism*, religiously speaking, in which we have any special interest. Once "Tunkerism" stood in opposition to Sunday schools, Sunday school conventions, higher education, mission work, and it meant and does yet mean, the enforcement of certain man-made laws as a condition of church fellowship, which have no foundation in the Word of God, nay rather they are contrary to the divine law. The weightier matters of the gospel have been too long neglected, and now that we have awakened to this fact and there is an earnest and diligent search for the deeper, richer things of the gospel, the cry of danger is raised because such a course seems to be fatal to "Tunkerism." "Great is the goddess Diana." Let us have faith in God and in his Word, not in "Tunkerism" or any other *ism*. As long as *gospelism* is not bleached out of the Brethren church it shall be the home for us and our house.

#### A Beautiful Flower

On Thursday evening of last week it was our privilege to hear Dr. Dawson, pastor of the Methodist church at this place, on the subject of repentance. It was a practical sermon, and many, we feel assured, left the church on that evening with a better knowledge of what repentance really is, than they ever had before. The discourse abounded in striking illustrations, emphasizing the importance of restitution in all cases of true repentance. The illustration to which we wish to make reference was the closing one. True repentance, said the speaker, is a beautiful flower which when God sees in the human heart, hastens to the place that he may grant pardon to the penitent soul. Years ago a man was convicted of crime and incarcerated in the Colorado Penitentiary. The Governor of the State visited the prison, going from cell to cell, talking with the prisoners. One of them he noticed was cultivating flowers in the window cell, and they seemed to flourish nicely. He asked him why he was cultivating these flowers. The prisoner told him that they reminded him of his mother when he was a boy at home. She took great pride in the culture of beautiful flowers, and those flowers in the window cell awakened in his heart the happy thoughts of